

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

When the Swallows HOMEWARD FLY.

When the swallows homeward fly,
When the roses scattered lie,
When, from neither hill nor dale
Chants the silvery nightingale.
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart ;
When I thus thy image lose.
Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose ?
Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose ?

When the white swan southward roves,
To seek at noon the orange groves—
When the red tints of the west
Prove the sun has gone to rest
In these words my bleeding heart
Would to thee its grief impart ;
When I thus thy image lose,
Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose ?
Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose ?

Hush, my heart! why thus complain ?
Thou must, too thy woes contain ;
Though on earth no more we rove
Loudly breathing vows of love,
Thou, my heart, must find relief.
Yielding to these words belief ;
I shall see thy form again.
Though to-day we part again,
Though to-day we part again.

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